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O DE 7.

I did think to write of war, And martial  
chiefdens of the field, DIANA did enforce to  
yield My Muse to praise the Western Star!  
But PALLAS did my purpose bar, My Muse  
as too weak, it to -wield!

ELIZA'S praises wene too  
high ! Divmest Wits have done  
their best! And ye^ the most  
have proved least; Such was  
her Sacred Majesty! Love's  
Pride ! Grace to Virginity! O  
could my Muse, in her praise  
rest *I*

VENUS directed me to write The  
praise of peerless Beauty's  
Wonder! , A theme more .fit for  
voice of thunder! PA&THENOPHE,  
from whose eyes bright,  
iWtHdusa'iid Graces dared my  
might, And willed nie, five degrees  
write under!

But yet her Fancy wrought so  
much, That my Muse did, her  
praise adventure! Wherein, of  
yore, it durst not enter. And  
nowjfoer beauty gives that touch  
Unto my Muse, in number such;  
Which makes me more and more  
repent her *I*